THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

VOLUME XXI. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 16, 1841. WHOLE NO. 1055.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Grave of Nell.

"And thenceforth every day and night, the old man waited at her grave for her. The last time was on a genial day in spring. He did not return at the usual hour, and they went to seek him. He was lying dead upon the stone!"
The Old Curiosity Shop.

The clock from out the ivied tower
Has long since pealed the midnight hour,
The night rolls on, but still alone,
The old man lingers by that stone.

The moonbeams sleep upon the lea,
The stars are winking silently,
But the old man keeps his vigil well,
By the lonely grave of *Little Nell.*

The night winds as they sweep along
Would numb the limbs of the hale and strong,
The old man listens to their moan,
Then shivering, nestles by the stone.

The spectral tombs stand thick around,
The yew gives forth her mournful sound,
But their company he loveth well,
For they watch with him by *Little Nell.*

No eye but God's beholds him there
No other ear can hear his prayer,
The only friend his heart had known
Is slumbering beneath that stone.

His fading memory loves to stray
Back to the time, when day by day,
He wandered o'er each hill and dell,
Led by the hand of *Little Nell.*

With her he rose to greet the sun,
And when the painful day was done,
The faithful one who loved him best,
Pillowed his head upon her breast.

Thus dreamed the man of woes; and while
He strove his memory to beguile,
He feels his trembling limbs grow still,
And tumults strange his bosom fill.

His quivering breath is ebbing fast,
A single word his lips has passed,
The faithful name he loved so well.
—He has gone to be with *Little Nell.*

The sun that rose next morn so bright,
As if no sorrow met his sight,
Looked down upon that lowly stone,
And there the old man slept alone. M. Q. C.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Lines.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER

Ah! say not that the beaming eye
May never hide
In its blue depths, from scrutiny,
Care's ceaseless tide;
Yes! though bright rays no less divine
Than round the brows of angels twine,
When sent on mercy's errand down,
From the dark silken lash be thrown;
Yet may some secret torture, deep
Within the breast
Be borne, and eyes that should but weep,
In tranquil seeming calmly keep
The soul's unrest!

Nor deem the cheek may never wear
The bloom of youth,
And yet the spirit of despair
Conceal its truth.
Though the rich rosebud, bursting, throw
O'er its soft damask one pure glow,
And bathe in tints like those that lave
The blushing earth, when sky, and wave
Have caught the sunset's latest beam;
Still may the cheek,
Beneath the blight, more brightly gleam,
While rapidly life's wavering dream
Its close may seek!

Then, though the minstrel's song be gay,
And his heart seem
Unknown to care, and thou should'st say,
"One joyous dream
Is his alone!—pain ne'er may cast
One breath his hope's bright flame to waste"
Then little know'st what secret pang
His soul may bear, what demon fang
His bosom may have inly nurst,
Though seeming joy
His brow enwreath,—song's rapture burst,
Assuming gladness, though accurst
With grief's alloy.

Philadelphia, 1841.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Triumph of Woman's Love;
BEING THE SEQUEL TO
The Young Wife's Trial.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "BURTON," "KYD," "QUADROONE," ETC.

"Ah, Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt—
—That love had arrows well she knew;
Alas! she found them poisoned too.
BYRON.

"Oh can she change who seemed to love so truly!"

The day on which Kemble Powell had decided on making the trial of his loving wife's devotion to gratify the evil nature of his friend Neal Gordon at length arrived. It was evening, and his wife had just dropped the curtains over the windows of the tasteful little "keeping room" where she used to read, sew, and amuse herself with her child. A shade lamp was lighted and placed upon her elegant Indian work-stand, and an air of tasteful comfort pervaded the apartment. Kemble had been absent all day, having sent her word at noon that he should dine out with his friend Gordon. She was now momently expecting him, and her ear was attentive that love might catch the first foot fall upon the marble steps before he rang at the door. At length the long expected bell sounded, but with a harsher and quicker ring than Kemble's, so that while she flew into the hall her heart half feared it might not be him. She lingered therefore, until the liveried footman opened the door, when she beheld her husband and flew to welcome him. She instantly, with the quick jealousy of love, detected a change in his countenance, and he returned the welcoming grasp of her hand with a sad smile that cut her to the heart. She asked him no question, though painfully impressed with the idea of pending evil, but waited until she could be alone with him out of hearing of the servants. He followed her silently into the little room where slept his child in its cradle, and bending over it kissed it while his heart smote him for the cruel part he was preparing to act toward its mother—the dearly cherished and honored wife of his bosom! But Neal Gordon's suspicions had poisoned his own mind, and he felt he could have no peace till the trial was made. After kissing the infant and smiling upon it, he threw himself upon a sofa, and heaving a deep sigh covered his face with his hands. Catharine gazed upon him a few seconds in silent misgiving, and then approaching him softly laid gently her hand upon his arm.

"Dear Kemble, you are ill!" she said in those sweet tones of affectionate solicitude that can only come from a young and fond wife's lips. His treacherous heart smote him; but he remained silent. He felt a destiny nerved him to this fearful trial, and while he worked to avoid it he could not. "Tell me, dearest Kemble, what it is that troubles you; for I feel you have no fever. If it is not illness; it is a mental burden that gives you this unwonted sadness. Speak to me and make me your confidant; perhaps I can administer to your relief! There is," she added, smiling, "a great charm in a wife's necromancy."

"I am not ill, Catharine," he said pressing her to his heart and kissing her brow as if he would atone by affection for the wrong he was meditating. Catharine felt happy at this proof of undiminished tenderness, and all doubts of her having in any way incurred his displeasure were instantly dissipated; for such a suspicion had already begun to disturb her mind.

[illegible]

"Truly," she answered with a frank smile.

"And your false and treacherous husband, also?" asked Kemble with emotion.

"Nay, Kemble, I will suspend my forgiveness over your head, to be bestowed by and by only on good behavior," said the noble wife smiling—as noble in forgiving as noble in suffering.

From that day Kemble adored his incomparable wife who, restored to prosperity, conferred honor rather than received it, upon the elevated sphere in which she moved only to be admired and loved. The next year, Neal Gordon having discovered a beautiful woman whom he thought could make him as good a wife as any one who was not in reality his married cousin Catharine, led her to the altar, thereby publicly sealing his testimony to the truth which the "Wife's Trial" had led him to acknowledge, that true affection, unalloyed by regard for self, finds its home only in the devoted breast of woman.

From the Boston Quarterly Review

Shelley's Poetry.

It is not to be denied, that the poems of Shelley are justly chargeable with a considerable degree of obscurity. This arises, in a measure, from the fact, that they have little claim on the ordinary, every-day feelings of our nature. They do not come home at once to every man's business and bosom. You hear a song of Burns and are held in charmed attention to the end, for it is a stream of melodious affection gushing from the depths of one human heart, and finding its counterpart in every other. You open a volume of Mrs. Hemans, your eye is arrested, and your mind follows that of the partner, bound to it by the sympathy of a common joy or sorrow. You can read Scott with ease, for his poetry is but a rhymed narrative of thrilling incidents, or a de-

[illegible]

This disposition is perceived yet more distinctly in pieces, where the incidents are of a supernatural character, as the Triumph of Life, and especially the translation of the *Walpurgisnacht* scene from Goethe's Faust, which some have pronounced untranslatable, but to which he has done ample justice, and even made it more wild and weird than the original.

Analogous to this is another peculiarity, to which he himself alludes in the preface to Prometheus Unbound.

"The imagery which I have employed," says he, "will be found in many instances to have been drawn from the operations of the human mind, or from those external actions whereby they are expressed." Poets ordinarily employ material objects to represent or illustrate the phenomena of life and mental action, while Shelley does the reverse. He either makes those phenomena attributes of the material object, or uses them to typify those things which were originally their types. Thus, the autumn leaves have been used, from the time of Virgil, to symbolize the fleeting-by of ghosts. With Shelley, it is the leaves which "like troops of ghosts on the dry winds pass." The same figure is repeated in a modified form in the Ode to the West Wind, for it is not uncommon to meet a favorite simile repeated in several portions of his works.

"Thou wild west wind! thou breath of autumn's being!
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow and black and pale and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes!"

The half-detached rock, tottering to its fall, and impending over the head of one fastened to the spot, has been often employed to represent the horrors of a guilty conscience and anticipated punishment. Shelley makes the terror and the agony reside in the rock itself, and illustrates them by a comparison of the kind just alluded to.

[illegible]

True Criticism.

Railroad Accident.

the simplest divisions which occasionally occur. His witch of Atlas runs smoothly in the verse of Pulci, which Byron has made immortal in Beppo and Don Juan. The lyrics, scattered throughout his dramas and among his fugitive poems, show how complete a master of his art he was, when leisure or the humor of the moment led him to exert his powers. There can be no doubt that most of his poems would have displayed a higher degree of polish, had he been spared to give them a more careful and thoughtful revision in later years.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by *back balances*. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

The State Debts.

The financial condition of many of our States is most deplorable. They are—to use a common phrase—over head and ears in debt. Flushed with a consciousness of their own wealth, they have gone on for a series of years, spending lavishly on State works and other projects, until the resources of the community have not only been wasted, but the commonwealth left without funds. To extricate themselves from these difficulties the States have resorted to loans, in some cases a commendable expedient, but often leading to increased extravagance. This game, continued for years, has terminated almost in bankruptcy. Not Pennsylvania only, but her sister commonwealths, have, by these means, plunged themselves into financial difficulties, from which it will take years, perhaps generations, to rescue them. The evil is so wide-spread as to be almost national. [illegible]

[illegible] taxed: they require all they earn to supply them in luxuries. These men forget that the commonwealth is but a partnership in which every citizen has a share—that its debts are their debts—and that its dishonor is their dishonor. Under such a view of the question what is the duty of the citizen? Certainly not to evade the payment of the state debt—certainly not to increase it by loans for the payment of interest. The true course is to meet the interest by taxes, in which every man should bear his share. We all are indebted to the commonwealth for the security of our persons, and the protection of our property. We enjoy, as republicans, extraordinary privileges. Shall we not pay for these? Let us then consider the debts of the commonwealth as our own, and contribute each man according to his substance to save her from dishonor. We can do this easily if we research. Let us be less extravagant, both as a state and a community, and the work is done.

A False Arrest.

Some excitement arose in our city a week or two since owing to the arrest of Dr. S. S. Finch, one of our most respectable citizens, on a requisition from the Governor of Connecticut, to answer the charge of forgery, said to have been committed seventeen years ago. We did not at the time allude to the matter, for we felt unwilling to wound the feelings of a family on a bare surmise, and the more unwillingly on account of the assertions of innocence by the Dr.'s friends. As we anticipated, the charge has been utterly refuted, and he is again in this city with his friends and family. The following card upon the subject is conclusive:

"Dr. Samuel S. Finch was a day or two since brought into this State, by virtue of a warrant granted by Governor Porter, of Pennsylvania, under a requisition by the Governor of this State, on a charge of forgery, alleged to have been committed some sixteen or seventeen years ago. He called upon the undersigned to assist him as his counsel. A prosecution was instituted against him and he was brought before a Court of Inquiry, when the prosecuting officer having, as we suppose, satisfied himself by inquiry that the prosecution was *entirely groundless*, abandoned it without calling a witness.

Signed, CHAS. HAWLEY,
Lieut. Governor of the State.
JAMES C. LOOMIS.
D. H. BELDEN.

Danbury, Connecticut, Oct. 7, 1841."

Great Storm.

Public Meeting.

Death of Mr. Payne.

Chicago.

Literary Property.

Books and Publishers.

Colt.

The Cabinet.

A Strange Execution.

Death of Commissary General Irvin.

Couriers.

McLeod's Trial Complete.

First Day.

Second Day.

The Defence.

Third Day.

Fourth Day.

Fifth Day.

Sixth Day.

Seventh Day.

Eighth Day.

New Publications.

SATURDAY

The Money

Election

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of Subscription, &c.

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The Money Market.

The money market presents little variation. During the week a few hundred dollars of State fives were sold at 97@98cts on the dollar. The falling off may be attributed wholly to the action of our currency. These stocks were created under a redundant state of currency, a very short currency; and now that the public have withdrawn their confidence from it, a depreciation of price is inevitable. Besides, the market abroad for the produce of manufacturer has, from various causes, been closed. Instead of the food stuffs of England now seeking a foreign market with avidity, there exists a profound stagnation in the market, and an entirely engaged in shuffling their sinking securities back on to us as the general Government has done in passing it upon the nation. From these considerations, our stock market is crowded—it is almost more than equals the idle capital in the country; hence the fall of prices which has already taken place in that particular description of investment, and which, though even the value is brought up to a heavy taxation, our surprise would not be excited should the downward tendency show itself still onward.

United States Bank has declined a premium of 42 to 44 off for currency.

Business is fair. A little falling off has been perceptible among jobbers, principally in the Pennsylvania trade, but as this is owing to the election, reaction will no doubt immediately commence. Goods have advanced but little in consequence of the tariff.

We give the following quotation for the week of

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Par.	Offered
453 shares United States Bank		99@99½
20 do. do. Second Bank		99
10 do. do. Kensington Co.	47	43
30 do. Mas. & Mec. Bank, Pitt.		43
10 do. do. Farmers'		43
12 do. do. Tuscarora Bank		43
10 do. do. Harrisburg		51@52½
5 do. do. Lancaster		51
5 do. do. Conestoga Bank		51
5 do. do. Columbia		51
5 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. R R		31@31½
5 do. Susquehanna Bank		30
25 do. Pennsylvania Bank		103
$2500 United States Bank Notes		97@98

Election News.

City Returns.

CORRECTED.

Common Council.

Samuel Norris,	5,565
Peter McCall,	5,560
John C. Davis,	5,541
J. J. Boswell,	5,532
Isaac Burton,	5,525
George Campbell,	5,523
Andrew Cochran,	5,486
Henry C. Carey,	5,486
Samuel Breck,	5,483
J. L. Dutton,	5,478
Jacob E. Ruggert,	5,353
Robert Peacock,	5,350
Robert Pearsall,	5,348
Charles A. Reppler,	5,346
James Leslie,	5,344
Caleb Bland,	5,341
Thomas S. Smith,	5,340
Thomas Saunders,	5,335
B. W. Tingley,	5,334
David Winebrenner,	5,331
John Rutherford, Sr.	5,331
John Trewick,	5,330
William Geisse,	5,302
Hiram Hoover,	5,301
Thomas Kenny,	4,892
William Bartram,	4,891
John Askam, jr.	4,744
Henry J. Sturgeon,	4,737
Jacob Hisbell,	4,736
Jacob Keck,	4,727
John R. Paterson,	4,724
Ferris Price,	4,721
William Sharpe,	4,700
Lewis Ryan,	4,700
James Magee,	4,773
John Wilbank,	4,650

Governor.

John Banks,	1,990
David R. Porter,	4,800

Mayor.

John M. Scott,	5,558
Samuel Badger,	4,800

Sheriff.

Henry Morris,	4,139
James H. Hutchinson,	1,304
Daniel Smith,	214

County Treasurer.

Joseph Pleasanton,	6,184
Hugh Clark,	3,636
Michael Fraser,	113

County Commissioner.

Isaac Leech,	5,841
Henry D. Lentz,	4,818

Auditor.

John Clawges,	5,777
Michael W. Ash,	4,773

Congress.

Joseph R. Ingersoll,	5,823
Thomas M. Pettit,	4,546

State Senator.

Henry S. Spackman,	5,802
Jacob Gratz, (1 year)	5,784
George Hinkle,	4,502
Robert Ewing, (1 year)	4,385

Assembly.

William A. Crabb,	5,850
James S. Rees,	5,847
George Shatswood,	5,849
C. B. Trego,	5,848
E. Joy Morris,	5,855
John Rush,	5,804
William P. Bonn,	5,808
David C. Skerret,	4,547
Aaron Winters,	4,544
Francis Brobird,	4,553
Joseph H. Newbold,	4,540
John R. Neff,	4,536
George P. Young,	4,468
W. Sayen Heyburn,	4,466

Select Council.

Thomas P. Cope,	6,033
Charles S. Smith,	5,558
Matthew Newkirk,	5,556
Samuel R. Perkins,	4,863
Michael Baker,	4,851
Evans Rogers,	4,834
William Canon (two years)	4,823

It will be seen that the Whigs have carried the city. The names of their candidates come first in the list.

The Liberty Ticket averaged about 100 votes. At the last election it was 86.

Horton, the Anti-Monopoly candidate for Governor, received, at the several City polls, forty or fifty votes—which were returned under the head of "scattering."

The average Whig majority on the City Assembly ticket is 1300: on the ticket for State Senator, 1300; on the Congress ticket, 1256; on the ticket for Mayor, 958; on the ticket of Select Councils, 864; and on the Common Council, 775—exclusive of the Abolition and scattering vote.

County Returns.

Governor.	
David R. Porter	11000
John Banks	7330
F. Julius Lemoyne	43
Sheriff.	
m. H. Hutchinson	9981
Henry Morris	7613
Daniel Smith	1263
Manly Rene	14
County Commissioner.	
Henry D. Lentz	1063
John Lentz	9866
A. G. Rowland	11

County Treasurer.	
Hugh Clark	1046
Joseph Pleasanton	9417
J. S. Pickering	1
Auditor.	
Michael W. Ash	10078
John Clawges	9716
Elisha Vetmore	1

Part of Montgomery is not included in the above.

Senators.	Dem.	Whig.
E. A. Penniman	11291	Peter A. Keyser
Thos. McCully	10510	James Todd
Assembly.		
John Pollock	10467	J. F. Hoofnley
John Fraley	10471	Jacob Pennypacker
Thos. M. Scott	10279	J. P. Heston
J. L. Hunsicker	10473	T. Landreth
William Bennett	10419	Samuel Kerr
John W. Ryan	10463	T. Robinson
John J. McCahen	10291	J. P. Townsend
A. L. Roundel	10283	G. W. Delaney

Northern Liberties.

	Dem.	Whig.
John M. Cannon	2440	John Conrad

Spring Garden.

DISTRICT COMMISSIONERS.

	Whigs.	Democrats.
J. Parker,	686	E. Higgins,
A. M. Eastwick,	699	Thos. H. Forsyth,
J. M. Bolton,	696	J. N. Jack,
J. Rowe,	697	S. Rex,
J. R. Jones,	581	J. Kenworthy,
Scattering,		

Recapitulation.

The vote for Governor and Sheriff in the city and county is as follows:

	Governor. Porter.	Banks.
City,	5,390	3,990
County,	11,099	7,332
	16,479	11,322
	13,332	
Porter's maj.	3,157	
	Sheriff.	
	Hutchison.	Smith. Morris.
City,	3,904	314 6,190
County,	4,044	1,263 1,819
	13,948	2,681 12,815
		12,079
Morris's majority,		934

Mr. Smith is a Democrat, and has been the nomination for that office. Mr. Morris is a Whig, and has obtained the Democratic nomination this year, he ran on his own strength.

The Legislature.

As far as heard from, the following is the result of the Election for Legislature:

STATE SENATE.

	Dem.	Whig.
Philadelphia county,	2	
Franklin, Cumberland and Adams,		1
Lancaster,	1	
Dauphin and Lebanon,		1

Vote to fill W. B. Reed's vacancy.

ROLL OF ASSEMBLY.

Philadelphia county,	6
Franklin,	2
Cumberland,	1
Adams county,	1
Lehigh,	1
Schuylkill,	1
Berks,	3
Delaware,	2
Chester,	3
Lancaster,	4
Northumberland,	1
Union,	1
Montgomery,	3
York,	3
Bucks,	2
Lebanon,	1
Perry,	1
Mifflin, Juniata and Union,	1
Columbia,	1
Huntingdon,	1
Lycoming, Clearfield and Clinton,	2

Governor's Election.

Reported Majorities.

	Porter.	Banks.
Philada. county,	4,057	
Philada. city,		1540
Cumberland,	450	
Berks,	4576	
Delaware,	324	301
Bucks,	424	
Northampton,	1150	
Lancaster,		3164
Chester,	524	
Franklin (in part)	300	
Lebanon,		193
Montgomery,	1363	
York,	1335	
Chester,		225
Schuylkill,	900	
Adams,		366
Dauphin,		1000
Perry,	963	
Northumberland,	963	
Union,		600
Mifflin,	210	
Columbia,	1800	
Lycoming,	900	
Juniata,		275
Dauphin,	1402	

BEN. RUSHING GILLIT.—The Albany Journal says that A. A. Bonn, T. J. Green, and W. C. Flanigan, all convicted of bribery, have been pardoned by Governor Gomez. Comptroller General Swanson, on the charge of robbing the Mechanic's County Bank of 74,000, and plead guilty on the charge. They will receive their sentences at the end of the term.

SINGULAR ARITHMETICAL FACT.—Multiply the figure 9 by any other single figure, and the two figures composing the product added together, will make 9. Thus, 9 multiplied by 1 makes 36, which two figures added together make 9, add so with all other figures.

A LIBEL.—The editors of the New York Commercial say that they have received with a watch for a libel, a set of Sacred 13. Ogden and Richard H. Southwick, who, whenever the damages are laid at the pretty sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

THE SIGNERS AT VICKSBURG.—A letter, says the Cincinnati Chronicle, written by a gentleman of this city, plies to his partner in this city, states that at Vicksburg on the 16th ult., there were fifteen deaths of cholera that and no other day previously.

THE DEAD PEDLAR.—The Madisonian states that the fragile Emily Dodd, which created quite a furore in Washville, was one of the first of the French consuls to fire a ton in Madison, and the revolutionary war.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—We learn that J. Washington Tyson has been appointed Commissary General, and that John G. Watmough has been appointed Surveyor of the Port in Mr. Tyson's place.

A RICH FRAGMENT.—A new and elegant steamer, the Louisiana, recently left St. Louis, having two boats in tow, and carrying upwards of 800 tons of freight, being the largest ever sent from that port by one vessel.

THE REPEALERS.—It is said that there are 5,000,000 of people in Ireland, already pledged to Regent, and that the grand Conservative meeting, 180,000 attended, no less than 80,000 being mounted men.

FUGITIVES LIBERATED.—The Boston Courier states that the unfortunate fugitives, Bennet and Egerly, Negroes of Gloucester, were captured by an English privateer Hibernia, and carried to Gibraltar, N. S.

An Election was held in New Orleans on the 29th and 30th ult. and 1st inst. for a member of the Legislature, in the place of Mr. Bullard, deceased, and by a majority over Col. Pitts.

THE U. S. Gazette, The New York Courier states that the price of not the whole of the United States Loan, lately advertised, has been taken at par for a six per cent. stock.

INDIANS PURSUED.—Among the attractions at the Saint Louis Agricultural Fair, was a hog weighing five hundred pounds. This was literally a "whole hog."

THE SHERIFF IN THE CANAL.—The Harrisburg Reporter says that the Sheriff of Dauphin county, and Mr. Sheaver Duncan's island, will be immediately repaired.

ARRIVED.—Colonel John Hare Powell and family, of Philadelphia, have arrived at the Astor House, in New York, the packet ship Hendrick Hudson, from London.

A GREAT FIRE.—Letters from Constantinople state that between 700 and 800 houses were burned on the 20th of August.

SLAVERY RELIGION.—A beautiful lunar rainbow was visible from Kennebec between eight and nine o'clock, on Saturday evening, the 5d inst.

RAILROAD ENGINEERING (N. J.) RAILWAY.—That portion of the Railway between Round Brook and Somerville, will be completed within a month.

A HEAVY HANDSEL.—It is said that the traffic on the London and Birmingham Railway, has risen to within one hundred pounds sterling.

LARGE PUMPKIN.—A pumpkin weighing one hundred and fifty-two pounds was exhibited at the late Agricultural fair at New Haven.

A VALUABLE HORSE.—The celebrated horse "Priestess," was recently sold in England for five hundred York with three hundred and fifty on board.

General News.

WASHINGTON'S TRANSFORMER.—A distance of 52 miles has been travelled on the common road, in a flat, thickly settled country, between the new home and a field. The author comes over daily from Mr. Albert's to the Rock of England in the same time as from Mr. Albert's to the office—a period of an hour. The model of an electro-magnetic engine, which has been exhibited at the Adelphi Gallery for some time, is an instance of ingenious mechanism. The principle of electro-magnetism is taken and answered, the rules reversed, &c. and from its performance gave the impression of practical success on a larger scale. The battery employed is the nitric acid, or Grove's battery. It is one of the most powerful and severe laws of any Medicine the successful application of this wonderful agent, we have only to refer to the Drug and Medicine Store of the power of steam is due to the discovery of a true combination of elements: that this is the secret of the surviving principle of the battery is to be evolved by the agency of time.

THE DEATH OF A BOY.—The New York Express states that on Sunday evening last, the Coroner held an inquest at No. 7 Franklin street, on the body of John Welch, a boy of fifteen years of age. The deceased was employed in the office of the "Spirit of the Times," and resided with his father, who is a policeman attached to the Police Station House; and on Friday night went out with some companions, to spend a night of frolicking, not knowing that he was in them, the door of the basement was locked as usual on Friday night, and the boy being absent on Saturday morning, the door was forced, and he found lying on the ground insensible. He was conveyed home, and died at half past one o'clock on Sunday morning. The jury rendered a verdict of "Death from Apoplexy."

A PROMISING DEATH.—On Sunday, the New York Commercial Advertiser says, a child of Mr. Joseph Hoban, in 155th street, between the 3d and 4th Avenues, was drowned in a pool of water

Original Novel.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Cyprian Princess.

A Romance of the Twelfth Century.

BY B. S. BARCLAY.

[CONTINUED.]

A month had elapsed since the return of Bazile, when, having supped with my father, I was passing along the gallery which divided our apartment, I observed Zozime, an officer of Bazile's household, approach cautiously, and speak in a whisper to Leonora. The moment I reached my apartment I enquired the meaning of this secrecy. She replied by repeating Zozime's communication.

"*It is essential that the Princess Sophia should grant me a private conversation immediately; but it cannot be arranged with too much caution. I will await your reply in the lime grove, in the east garden.*"

"Go, Leonora," cried I, "bring him here, that I may learn without delay what new misfortune threatens me. "This man's mystery alarmed me;—I tried to vanquish a sadness caused by some dark presentiment! I liked not this calmness which Bazile displayed; it was inconsistent with his character. I called to mind his former denunciation; "*I know not my son in a rival!*" and my bosom was filled with terror. I prayed Heaven to preserve the innocent and noble Theophilus from all danger.

Leonora succeeded in conducting Zozime to my apartment unobserved. His air of consternation confirmed my fears. This Zozime had two brothers, the one, Narses, commanded a battalion of infantry—the other, Crype, was captain of a ship. These three brothers were persons of birth—merit, and valour, and were attached to Bazile, being indebted to him for their fortunes. He looked upon them as creatures of his own; and did not permit himself to doubt their fidelity: but they did not consider themselves bound to repay their patron by stooping to the commission of the vilest of crimes! Zozime entreated me to quiet my alarm.

"Madame," said he, "you have reason to rejoice, rather than weep. The Prince Theophilus is safe—congratulate yourself that he has fallen into the hands of men, who would sacrifice their own lives to save his!"

"Just Heaven!" cried I, "has he been in danger? Who has done this?"

"Madame, *his unnatural father is his sole enemy!* You will scarcely credit the plot I am about to unfold. Since the *decree* of the King, annulling his former engagement to the Prince Bazile, and sanctioning your betrothal to his son—Bazile, burning in secret with the worst passions of our nature—exhibiting to public view only the most amiable feelings, has been plotting the overthrow of a project which so entirely destroyed his own ambitious views, and robbed him of the object of his passion. He found that in no other manner could he so effectually accomplish his purpose, as by removing his son—not simply by banishment; but by the commission of a horrible crime! a crime at which nature shudders, and which he had resolved to perpetrate, even in his own palace, and with his own hand!"

I shrieked with horror! Zozime entreated me to listen with calmness to the conclusion,—assuring me again that Theophilus was safe, and then continued.

"My brother Crype, and myself professed to lend ourselves to the schemes of the Prince, only to ensure the safety of his son, to whom we are devotedly attached. We persuaded Bazile to abandon his design of taking the life of Theophilus with his own hand.

"You will become," said I to him, "as odious to the Cyprians, as *he* is dear—you would fall a sacrifice to their fury."

"To prevent the possibility of the execution of his design, it was necessary to propose a substitute—which we did; and had the good fortune to obtain his approval. Theophilus was to be enticed on board my brother's vessel, where Crype was to stab him with a poignard, as soon as he could find a favorable opportunity—set sail for some distant port—secret the body for a few days,—and then, the fathomless waters of the sea were to hide all traces of this monstrous crime! Previous to the departure of the vessel, two lights, one at the bow, the other at the stern, were to be placed as a signal to Bazile, that his *rival* was no more! *This* was the evening selected,—and at dusk, I prevailed on the young Prince to accompany me on board of the vessel. He is there now,—he knows not yet, that to save him from the fury of a murderous father, he is to be torn from Limisso,—from all that he holds dear! He is now partaking of a banquet, prepared for him by my brother; in order to prevent him from wishing to return on shore before the preparations for sailing are completed. I have informed Bazile that his son is on board—and the *father*, in whose heart, love, envy, and jealousy, have stifled all the tender sentiments of parental affection, received the tidings without remorse; and is abandoned to the joy of being able to destroy *his rival!* he even declared that he should await in an agony of impatience the signal which is to make known to him that all is over!"

"What unnatural monster hast thou, oh! nature produced!" I exclaimed, as Zozime paused. "I shudder with fear, and horror! Dear Theophilus, thou art for ever lost to thy country,—and to thy unfortunate Sophia! But I will fly to join thee—I will give up all honors for thy sake—we will dwell together on some lone and distant shore."

"Calm youself Madame," said Zozime, "all will yet be well; we take him from you, only to preserve him for you—and his country—fear nothing. I have yet more to relate. Narses is commanded to appear before the gates of Limisso with two thousand men, to secure, if necessary, Bazile's safety; but my brother will conduct them only for his ruin. Bazile flatters himself that the uncertainty of the fate of Theophilus will afford him time and opportunity to win the Cyprians by a feigned sorrow—and by conferring real benefits. He hopes, that ultimately, a universal suffrage will bestow upon him your hand.

"Behold! Princess, the letter which Bazile writes to Narses; it should alone be the instrument to finish your misfortunes. I give it into your hands that you may cause it to be read by the most zealous friends of the young Prince. It is proper that all the Cyprians become acquainted with Bazile's treachery. Let Leonce be entrusted to communicate it to them. Let them be assured of their Prince's safety—that Crype and myself are true and loyal—that we take him away to be restored to them whenever it can be accomplished with safety. But Madame, the *letter* I have given to you ought not to be exposed until Narses appears before the gates of the city. Here is another which *I* have written to Narses; wherein I have informed him of our plans—I tell him to join the people in compelling Bazile to fly. This letter I wish conveyed to him by a trusty messenger as soon as possible after his arrival. Remember! Princess, the value of all that is at stake, and that *every* proceeding requires firmness and prudence. Let Leonce be trusted; he is both faithful and energetic. He can read the project I have detailed to Narses. Time presses—I am impatient to return to Theophilus. My brother will sail for Venice; where Theophilus and myself will disembark. The lights at the stern and bows of the vessel will inform Bazile (as he fondly believes) of the consummation of his desires—while to you—they shall announce our safe departure. Adieu! honored Princess," he added, "Heaven favor your designs."

The horrible state of mind into which I was thrown by this frightful recital, prevented the utterance of words—the blood was frozen in my veins—but, the moment I saw Zozime about to depart, my strength returned, and I conjured him to watch over the safety of an unfortunate Prince who was so dear to us all, and I expressed my deepest gratitude for his inestimable services—and requested him to assure Theophilus that my heart and hand should be kept sacred for him alone through every change.

In about an hour after Zozime's departure, I saw from the balcony of my apartment which overlooked the harbor, the lights which were to me the signal of the vessel's departure, and to *him*, the barbarous father! of a deed which should deaden his every pulse—and fasten in his soul the pangs of another world.

I remained on the balcony till morning dawned—bathed in the night dew—which I hoped would cool the burning fever that raged in my veins.

* * * * *

Leonce came—sadness and fear pictured in his countenance. He found Leonora supporting me in her arms, both bathed in tears.

"What means this?" he inquired, "you are afflicted with some misfortune."

"Where is my Prince? My beloved Prince?" I then related him some portion of the information I received from Zozime. He started back with uplifted arms, and remained motionless with surprise and horror, then exclaimed,

"What! Bazile! by the murder of his only child would open his way to the throne? Ah! unhappy Cyprians! what manner of king has offended Heaven reserved for you! Can such a monster be permitted to breathe! His past cruelties, his present crimes demand prompt vengeance." After relating to Leonce all that Zozime had confided to me, I gave the letters.

"Read," said I, "and make use with prudence of the means provided to save your country from the yoke of a tyrant, and a murderer!"

"Most honored Princess," he replied, "trust all to me—I see clearly what course to pursue, in order to insure your happiness—the return of Theophilus—and the safety of the state. I will confer with those loyal Cyprians who composed the deputation to the king in your behalf."

Leonce thought it prudent to visit Bazile, and express some inquietude in regard to the absence of Theophilus. Bazile with a composed air told him "there was no occasion for alarm—that he had gone to Constantinople to inform the Emperor of his approaching nuptials—that it was a duty the king and himself had considered indispensable, but feared the opposition of the Cyprians, and therefore wished it not to become known until after his departure." We considered also the fears of the Princess—her youth and timidity would have influenced Theophilus against encountering the perils of navigation. Leonce betrayed not the emotion which agitated him while listening to this monstrous deception, heightened by the boldness of the traitor, who he found had also imposed on his sovereign, but left Bazile with the appearance of being perfectly satisfied.

Leonce hastened to call upon the citizens, Euthience, Nicephore, Eustrate, Nicetas, and others, who composed the late deputation to the king; and when they had assembled, he addressed them as follows.

"Noble Cyprians! is your attachment to Prince Theophilus inviolable? Is your hatred of his father invincible?"

"Yes," they replied, as with one voice.

"I will then," added Leonce, "increase your love for the one, and your hatred for the other, by imparting the contents of a letter, written by the Prince Bazile to Narses; an officer of the army upon whose fidelity he appears confidently to rely. Hear! and judge for yourselves! Now," continued Leonce, "hear this, from Zozime to his brother Narses, who will appear before the gates of our city—not to serve the criminal designs of his commander; but to sustain the just enterprise of the people, and embolden them to declare to become free! Let us avail ourselves, dear Cyprians, of this aid to justly punish a monster. Zozime thinks it will be sufficient to proscribe him: I do not agree with him. It is necessary to sacrifice either, the son for the father! or, the father for the son!—choose ye between them. *Tyrants can only cease to be feared, when they cease to exist!* Proscribed—wandering—they will still form a party in their favor. Let us save ourselves, and our children from the possibility of ever suffering under the unjust dominion of the detested Bazile!"

The deputies, roused into fury—swore by the most sacred oaths, to accomplish his death.

Nicephore and Euthience were appointed to convey the letters to Narses. It was considered necessary for them to depart immediately, in order to intercept Narses on the road to Limisso, that they might assure themselves of his co-operation. The other confederates, in the mean time, were to exhibit copies to all those in whom they could confide. The magistrates and those held in esteem by the people, were the first to be entrusted. All became inspired with a just revenge.

Nicephore and Euthience reached the encampment of the army about nightfall. After the perusal of his letters, Narses, convulsed with indignation—exclaimed—

"Does Bazile take me for a dog! that I should obey his infamous commands!" Conscious that immediate action was necessary, he summoned his officers in council, and thus addressed them—

"Brave companions! behold these loyal citizens. Their love for the young Prince Theophilus—their zeal for their country's welfare—have brought them hither. A tale of horror is here, (pointing to the letters lying before him) disclosed—which has aroused in *them*—and should excite in *every* patriotic breast the deepest indignation. Read—and decide whether Bazile deserves to live! Shall a father who hesitates not to spill the blood of his own offspring—be entrusted with our lives, and the lives of our children! No! I call upon you then fellow officers to decree his fate."

Loud shouts of revenge—and the clangour of steel—preceded their utterance of, "Let him perish!" "Away with him!" "He merits death!"

On the morrow, at daybreak, Narses commenced his march for Limisso. When within a few miles of the city, he halted—arranged his soldiers in a circle—and placing himself in the midst—with a loud voice made known to them what he had previously communicated to his officers. The spirit he wished to excite gleamed in their eyes; they grasped their battle axes, and shook them aloft! "Yes," Narses continued, "Bazile would have deprived us of the object of our hopes—shall he be permitted to tyrannise over us? to perpetuate our slavery! Pronounce his doom! ought he to live! or, ought he to die!"

Valley and mountain side echoed their sentence of "*Death to the traitor!*"

"March, then!" said Narses, "the citizens of Limisso await us."

Nicephore and Euthience hastened to the city in advance of the army, to proclaim the result of their mission.

The sworn confederates met, and agreed to assemble the people; who were already alarmed at the secret and sudden departure of Theophilus. My poor language can but feebly describe the scenes that ensued. The populace, wrought to madness, by the disclosures of the truth—and by such addresses as the following—could hardly restrain their fury.

"Who is there among you," said Euthience, "that can boast of having saved either his person, or his property, from the violence and rapacity of Bazile? Who among you has not felt to what extent he can carry injustice and cruelty? But who would have suspected the possibility of his committing the blackest of crimes? Behold! Narses comes with two thousand men—sworn to avenge our injuries, by the death of the hated Bazile." The people ran—they welcomed the soldiers with acclamations—on every side was heard—"*Down with the tyrant!*" "*The blood of the infamous Bazile will alone satisfy us!*"

These tumultuous sounds reached the ears of the prince—he rushed to the entrance of his palace—he saw around a vast multitude, brandishing their arms, which flashed not brighter in the sunlight, than in their eyes the fire of revenge! but he exhibited no fear—his indomitable spirit was not daunted—he hoped that his presence and a few words would disperse them. But what did he behold! What did he hear! Narses, with his soldiers! mixing with the multitude! joining in the cry of revenge! He now discovers that he is lost! betrayed! yet he attempts not to fly—his courage enables him to confront danger—he presents himself with boldness. "*Let the bravest,*" said he, "*strike the first blow!* I fear neither tortures nor death!" His valour, his countenance—haughty and courageous as his words, caused many to fear and admire. Awed for the moment—no one approached him. Suddenly their fury returned—they rushed upon him—he attempted a vigorous defence—but fell bleeding from countless wounds! Nicephore then addressed him.

"Tyrant! receive this consolation—*thou diest, but thy son lives!—lives to reign over a happy people.*"

Bazile, with the energy of death and despair, and thwarted desires, exclaimed,

"*He shall never reign! You shall become the prey of a conqueror, who will avenge my death on you and your children!*" He spoke no more; but his eyes even in death glared defiance; and his lips moved.

As soon as my father was informed of the movement of the people, he ordered his guards to fly to the succour of Bazile. They refused to obey; but attempted to satisfy their disloyalty by disclosing the cause of the disturbance.

During all this time I had remained in my apartment. When I discovered that the hour appointed for the fatal deed had arrived, my hatred changed into pity.

"Bazile will die, and Theophilus will reproach me," cried I. I even began to repent the part I had taken; I felt guilty, and rushed affrighted to the presence of the king. We both remained silent for some minutes—then my father exclaimed with bitterness.

"If the meanest of my subjects had desired to save the life of Bazile, he would have more influence than myself; for even my guards refuse to obey me. But what can I accomplish by staying here? let me hasten to the Cyprians, and if possible, ameliorate their fury, or we ourselves may become the next victims."

When about to leave the palace, he saw Narses approaching, surrounded by all the distinguished citizens of Limisso, and followed by a dense multitude. The king withdrew into his audience chamber, and summoned them to his presence. Narses advanced, and bowing low to his sovereign, thus addressed him.

"Sire, behold this letter in the hand writing of Bazile; it must form our only justification of the act of which we are guilty." Silence reigned while the king perused its contents; the people studying each change in his countenance with the most intense anxiety. Narses resumed, "What had not your subjects, and even your majesty to fear, from a prince, who, through jealousy and ambition, would sacrifice his only son? We, your subjects conspired to take the life of one, whom the ties of blood and affection would have prompted you to pardon. To save the Prince Theophilus; to secure the happiness of the Princess Sophia, and deliver our country from tyrannical dominion, are some of the motives by which we were actuated. We entreat your clemency; but if your majesty deems us deserving of punishment, we are ready to repay with our own lives, the life we have destroyed; and while expiring, shall exult in the reflection, that we have saved our wives, our children, and our country from the yoke of a Tyrant!"

The king replied,

"I am compelled to acknowledge, that this letter too well convinces me of the criminality of Bazile: he merited death! yet you were not justified in executing the sentence."

My father then remained silent for some time, evidently agitated by conflicting emotions; at length, love for his subjects, and a desire for *peace triumphing* over every other feeling, he pronounced a full pardon.

The people left the palace *manifesting* an *excess* of gratitude, and enthusiasm, and rent the air with their cries of—*vive le Roi!*

After devoting a few moments to reflection—my farther turned to me and said,

"My daughter, let us banish remembrance of the unworthy Bazile; and above all let me forget my own weakness. Theophilus, thank heaven! is saved—let us hasten his return—let the union so long desired, be consummated, and may you both deserve my affection, and justify the esteem of the Cyprians, by your virtuous actions."

With my eyes suffused with tears, I prostrated myself before him, and said,

"My honored father—it is the strongest desire of my heart, so to live, that I may never forfeit either your, or their approbation; and be assured, that Theophilus will unite with me in the tenderest love and submission, leading you gradually to forget all past trials—living only in the brilliant and happy present."

Narses and Leonce sailed for Venice by command of the king, in order to accompany Theophilus back to Limisso.

Hope now cheered me with her sunny light, only to deepen the darkness of approaching despair! Fortune charmed me with her coquetry, only to sharpen the pangs of disappointment!

A vessel, bearing the Cyprian flag, made its appearance in the harbor. The people rushed in crowds to welcome Theophilus—but alas! Crype and Zozime only were there—who anxiously enquired if the prince had not arrived at Limisso? The reply they received in the negative, and the demand for explanation, astonished and confounded them.

I had watched the vessel's arrival with the impatience of love and joy—and when I saw Crype and Zozime leave, and wend their way slowly through the crowd to the palace, unaccompanied by Theophilus—I rushed to the audience chamber, and entered it the moment they appeared at the opposite door. Forgetting the presence of the king—I demanded to know what they had done with the prince! and where they had left Narses, and Leonce! Their silence, and their confusion increased my alarm.

"Ah! my father," cried I, "Theophilus perhaps is no more! Heaven has avenged upon him the death of a father! Oh! too criminal Sophia—what hast thou done!" Abandoned to an excess of grief, I could scarcely be prevailed upon to listen to the account Zozime gave of their adventures. I will repeat them in his own words.

"A favorable wind conducted us to Venice. Theophilus landed. Being alarmed for the safety of his father—he desired us to sail immediately for Limisso. He feared that the fury of the Cyprians would urge them to commit some barbarous deed. Actuated by a noble spirit of forgiveness; he exclaimed, 'Is he not my parent? am I not bound to forget his enmity? Conjure the princess Sophia for my sake, to exert all her influence, to prevent the Cyprians from committing any excess. *To her protection I confide my father.*' We yielded to his desires and he agreed to await in Venice our return. The fourth day after we sailed, a furious tempest arose—for three days we were tossed to and fro at the mercy of the winds and waves, in momentary expectation of being cast upon the rocks. When every one looked forward to certain death—a favorable change took place—the storm abated, and we found ourselves again off the Venetian coast. Our vessel required a thorough repair; we landed at the nearest port. I left my brother, and took passage for Venice—in order to acquaint the prince with our unexpected detention. Judge of my surprise, when I found that Narses and Leonce had been sent to accompany him back to Limisso; and that they sailed the second day after our departure. Judge also of my increased astonishment, when finally returned to Limisso, I find the prince has not yet arrived, and that all are looking to me for explanation."

"Heaven!" I exclaimed, "protected you during that fearful storm; but the prince Theophilus was lost!" My father used every possible means to assuage my grief; but I refused to be comforted. Each succeeding day diminished the faint hope I endeavored to retain, and increased my fears that that he had indeed met with a terrible doom.

But the period at length arrived when past misfortunes appeared light, compared with those fate showered upon my head—the period which deprived me of my crown! and my liberty! I have already said that a portion of the fleet containing the army of Richard, *king of England* (destined for the Holy Land) was wrecked on our shores—and that my father (alas! that I must acknowledge it) violated the sacred rights of hospitality, by not only refusing to the soldiers assistance and succour; but by imprisoning, and otherwise ill treating them. I can only account for his conduct as follows. The Cyprians since they had given up all hopes of the return of Theophilus, had grown discontented under the stern dominion of their king, who added the querulousness of approaching age, to the severity taught him, by the counsel of Bazile. Being perfectly acquainted with the popular feeling, he evidently feared the people would take this opportunity to rebel; and believed that by following this course he would preserve for himself, and his descendants the throne of Cyprus. Mistaken man! why did not destiny foreshadow to me the awful result?

Richard soon gathered the remains of his army, and furious for revenge, attacked and captured Limisso. My father and myself escaped into a city badly fortified, and still worse defended by a remnant of his discontented subjects. The conqueror followed!—the city fell!—and we were taken prisoners, and sent closely guarded to Sextis. Who can imagine our despair? deprived of honors—of liberty—and ignorant of what might be our ultimate destiny, slavery, or death! No one to fly to our rescue—no brave knight to wield a lance in our defence.

It was then with a sort of melancholy pleasure, I looked back to the period when my beloved Theophilus was also a prisoner in this very fortress "at least," said I, "these walls have echoed the sound of *his footstep*—the music of *his voice*."

A rumor one day reached us during our confinement in the fortress, that a French vessel had arrived, bringing several noble Cyprians. That as soon as they landed, the people manifested the greatest joy—and rallied their forces under one they styled "their prince." I fainted from excess of rapture.

"Who my dear father," I exclaimed, when animation had been restored, "can it be, but Theophilus? Who else would the Cyprians call 'their prince?' He comes to deliver us from a stronger foe." We wept tears of joy in each others arms. Occasionally we heard accounts of his bravery. The Cyprians rallied their fallen energies; and fought under their beloved leader, as if they were determined to wash away the stain of their dishonor by either victory, or death! The slaughter they carried into the hosts of Richard was terrific. yet alas! superior numbers overpowered them—they fell, vanquished on the field, or were taken prisoners. Theophilus was the last to yield. He was conducted in triumph to Richard—who could not refrain from expressing his admiration of the bravery, and of the proud, yet tranquil air of his illustrious captive.

Theophilus was sent to Sextis. He entered loaded with chains! It is impossible to express the different emotions that pervaded my heart, when I beheld him, the beloved—the noble Prince—degraded with the badge of slavery! It was rapture to behold him once more alive! It was misery to witness his disgrace—his despair! He was permitted to visit our apartment. Our first emotions were a commingling of every human passion, from the loftiest heights of rapture! to the lowest depths of woe!

"Ah!" said I, "what wretchedness had been spared us, if your arrival had preceded that of Richard. You would have persuaded my father to receive with kindness those poor shipwrecked soldiers—and Richard would now have been a grateful friend, instead of an implacable enemy. What obstacle did the fates interpose to prevent your earlier return to Limisso? Inform me how you escaped the violent tempest that raged immediately after your departure from Venice?"

Theophilus commenced, by relating the ingenuity of Zozime in alluring him, and retaining him on board of the vessel—his consternation when he found the ship had actually left the shore—his horror and grief, at hearing from Zozime the particulars of the danger that menaced him—the fears he entertained for the safety of a parent—whom, notwithstanding all he had suffered, he still regarded with affection. He even wished to return—to brave all—for he felt sure that his father would repent—that he was then enduring the deepest remorse. He said,

"When we arrived at Venice, I consented to remain only on the condition of their immediate return to Limisso—I endeavored to console myself with the hope that you, dear Princess, would have interposed your influence to protect the life of my father."

"Ah! Prince," said I, "do not reproach me—Heaven! has already sufficiently punished us! In our unhappy condition it is cruel to recall useless regrets. Alas! the dying prophecy of Bazile is accomplished. *He will never reign!* Did he not behold the curtains of futurity lifted and read! that '*we should become the prey of a conqueror, who would avenge his death on the devoted Cyprians!*' I trembled with fear, and fancied that the spirit of Bazile was hovering around, and exulting in our misfortunes."

Theophilus resumed his narrative.

"When Leonce and Narses arrived at Venice, I learned from them the terrible fate of my father; and decided never to return to Cyprus. Could I expect to enjoy a throne bought by the blood of a parent? I almost persuaded myself that I could sustain an exile from my beloved Sophia—could extinguish in my heart the holy flame that was enkindled there to burn for ever! Leonce represented to me your alarm, and painful anxiety regarding my return—assured me that you were powerless to interfere with the determined Cyprians—that nothing but the life of my father would appease their rage; and that he would sooner or later have fallen their victim. At length, I was prevailed upon to return. We set sail. On the second day of our voyage, we discovered indications of a violent storm—the sailors prepared to meet it. It came—and terrible was its first attack. A second blast—and instant destruction appeared our inevitable fate. The fury of the tempest increased—the heavens were one black pall! Noonday assumed the garb of night! the lightning flashed—the thunder roared along the vaults of Heaven! The rain poured in one vast sheet. The rushing of the mighty blast—the whistling of the cordage—the creaking and groaning of the distressed ship, and the shouts of the sailors, scarcely heard amid the contest of the elements—formed a combination of sounds, terrific, beyond description. The overwhelming grandeur and sublimity of the scene created in me emotions novel, as they were powerful. I forgot all danger while witnessing the horrible struggles of nature. Our decks were swept by seas which tore away every thing, and carried into the jaws of the deep several of our bravest seamen. Three days and nights had passed away, when it was discovered that the vessel had sprung a leak! a seam was rent—and the water rushed in [illegible] warned us of approaching death! Despair was painted on every visage. The darkness [illegible] the Heavens remained, but the fury of the wind had in some degree abated—when to our ears came the joyful sound of 'land!—land!' I cannot picture to your imagination the effect these words produced. We felt as if raised from death into life—from the gloom of unmitigated despair—to the cheering presence of hope.

"But our joy was of short duration, for our vessel rushed headlong to the coast, which was covered with rocks, and proved to be a small uninhabited island separated from the continent of Africa by less than a league. A few of our number were so fortunate as to gain the land, while the remainder were dashed upon the rocks, overwhelmed beneath the raging surge. Exhausted as we were with fatigue, wet, cold and starving; we were animated with the liveliest joy at the faint hope of once more beholding those dear to our hearts. We congratulated each other, and thanked Heaven for its mercy. When morning dawned, we found that our vessel had entirely disappeared—a few floating articles of her cargo were alone seen—among which were a few provisions; which, together with the wild productions of the island, constituted our only sustenance. We managed to hoist a signal during the day, and lighted fires by night, in order to attract the attention of any vessel sailing near the coast.

"Fourteen days had elapsed, when the sight of a sail in the distance gladdened our hearts. It belonged to a large French merchant ship: her crew discovered our signal and hastened to our relief. The captain sent a boat to the shore, and after being apprised of our misfortunes; nay, rank; and desire to reach Cyprus: most kindly offered to convey us to Limisso. We received this kindness with transports of joy, and gratitude.

"The captain treated me with the homage he considered due to my rank; and bestowed every necessary attention upon Narses, Leonce, and the small remnant of our ill-fated crew.

"The captain hoped to be able to make the port of Limisso in twelve or fourteen days; but we were becalmed for nearly a month. This tedious interval was passed by me in a state of extreme impatience. I thought of you, my beloved Sophia, in moments of *peril*, and your image was reflected in my mind—smiling, and encouraging me to hope: but now it appeared as if mourning my prolonged absence, and yielding to the deepest despair! The direst presentiments haunted my imagination; and I prayed even for the whirlwind and tempest, to dissipate this dreadful calm.

"At last a favorable breeze filled our sails, and amid the happy exclamations of all, we steered for Cyprus.

"I saw before me the heights of my beloved country. My happiness was excessive. What delights did I not picture? Brief indeed was their duration. Could I credit the truth of my vision? What did I behold? The harbor of Limisso filled with a foreign fleet of warlike appearance! The captain recognized the flag. 'But what are they doing here?' I asked, 'Is their errand friendly, or hostile?' The most tormenting fears assailed me. 'My beloved Sophia—where; and how is she?' I wished to land immediately; but the captain's cooler reason forbade. He advised that we should lie off, until night-fall, and then land behind a small promontory east of the city. We did so; and what followed, I cannot repeat. You know all."

"I know," replied I, "that your patriotism—your desire to rescue your countrymen from slavery; and your attachment to myself, rashly led you to a step, which has resulted in our ruin! It was necessary to fly—to seek the aid of some friendly power—and instead of being a prisoner in chains; you would have been free, and in a position, perhaps, to compel Richard to grant us our liberty—if not restore to us our throne. Now, we are irretrievably lost!"

Three days passed, and we began to express our gratitude at being allowed to share each others imprisonments; yet the uncertainty of the future, and our total ignorance of Richard's intentions, created the most painful anxieties.

On the fourth day we were together lamenting with tears our untoward fate. Theophilus kneeling at my side, was holding my hands within his own, when Richard abruptly entered the apartment.

Theophilus arose—and with modest dignity, addressed the king.

"Your majesty is a witness of our grief. It is for liberty we pine—give us that, and we ask not for the throne you have seized! You are a king, respect the rights of kings! Isaac, Sophia, and myself, are sad examples, which ought to instruct you that sovereigns and princes are like other men, exposed to great reverses. Even a conqueror may justly tremble, when he looks upon the *conquered!*"

Richard, during this time had not withdrawn his attention from me—I trembled under his bold eye. He then turned to Theophilus; and said in an imperious tone,

"Audacious boy! darest thou to teach me lessons of magnanimity? A generous king, subdued by the power of my arm, should see my hand extended to raise him: but a prince capable of insulting, and imprisoning strangers wrecked upon his domains; a barbarous king, like Isaac, ought only to expect, and would certainly receive, at my hands, a just retribution. The Cyprians wish never to be again submitted to the tyrannical dominion of the inhuman Isaac. The isle of Cyprus is my conquest; I shall dispose of it as I will—Isaac and thyself are mine also. Conquered as thou art—and threatened by future evil—I envy thee. I perceive a mutual attachment exists between thyself and the Princess Sophia. Why was I not informed of this? Why did I suffer you to meet? but, take thy last look—thou wilt never behold her more. To-morrow you will depart for England, there to bewail her loss, while Isaac, at Tripoli under the weight of his chains shall feel the effects of my past vengeance!"

When I heard these terrible words, my courage, and my pride forsook me.

"My father in chains," cried I, "Oh! sire, soften your resentment, add not to captivity the disgrace of irons, and permit us at least to weep together our misfortunes. And Theophilus! how has he offended? He has, it is true, fought for his country, for the throne he was to share; and sire would you have done this? Be just to him, be generous to my father; leave not a maiden without her natural protector; her only parent! I embrace your knees thus humbly for his sake."

"Madame," replied Richard, "fear nothing for yourself; your father shall not be loaded with irons.* He shall be accompanied by Theophilus. You will remain here."

The frightful excess of grief into which we were plunged; instead of creating pity in the barbarous Richard's heart; only excited his rage. He called for his guards to tear us asunder; for we were locked in each others arms. With screams of despair I saw my aged father; my beloved Theophilus borne from my presence. I fainted; a lingering illness succeeded, and—but I need tell you no more, you know all.

(Here ends the autobiography of the Princess. But the narrative is continued by one of her ladies in the third person.)

The dazzling beauty of the Princess Sophia, her exquisite grace, and the fascinating charm of her manner, excited in Richard's heart the most powerful passion. He forgot all else, disregarded every tie of honor, every feeling of humanity. He resolved if possible to obtain her affections, if not, to possess by force that which she refused to yield. By depriving her of the protection of her father and affianced husband; he believed, (although her feelings thereby received the most powerful shock, inasmuch as for a time her reason was destroyed, and her life in imminent danger,) that eventually she would be led by his allurements; his devotion to her every comfort, and anticipation of every desire combined with the most delicate attention to return his passion. Lawless Prince! he understood not the mind of Sophia, which, tried by misfortune, gained new strength, and assisted by unshaken constancy, and the purest principles, withstood his every blandishments. She saw only in him the persecutor! the tyrant! who had deprived her of all she valued in life; and the unfaithful husband of the young and beautiful Berangaria of Navare.

Richard accompanied by his Queen, and the Princess Sophia departed for Palestine, where his prowess as a warrior gained him the loftiest fame. In vain did he gather fresh laurels, in vain did he conquer the bravest knights, he won no favor from her whom he alone sought to please. She dissembled not her sentiments; but lavished upon him the severest reproaches. He always found her armed with a countenance full of contempt and indignation, or subdued by grief, bathed in tears.

Richard placed a guard over the Princess, the commandant of which was Breze, a gentleman of Anjou. He had secretly manifested for her a degree of pity and interest, of which she resolved to take advantage. She disclosed to him a plan she had formed to gain her liberty, and entreated his assistance.

Philip Augustus, King of France, had until recently been in league with Richard, they were now implacable enemies, and she cherished a hope, that if she could succeed in conveying a letter to Philip, narrating her history, and detention by Richard, that so brave a hero would not suffer her to remain longer in captivity. Breze not only promised to find means to convey a letter, but offered to assist her in acquiring the French language, in order to facilitate the correspondence.

When Philip received the letter from Sophia he was moved by its tone of sorrow, and charmed with its graceful expressions. He devoutly wished to rescue from Richard the oppressed Princess; but motives of state policy prevented him from obeying the dictates of his heart. He therefore returned a reply, "That if she could find means without his aid to effect her escape, she had permission to retire into his dominions, where he promised to bestow upon her his kingly protection."

Sophia perused these words with excessive chagrin, then turning to Breze, said,

"See what a fate is mine, to whom shall I now look for assistance? I am in despair."

"Madame," respectfully answered he, "fear not, I will exert the most powerful efforts to effect your release. I appreciate your sorrow; and if there is a power of invention in my mind or strength in my arm, you shall yet be free! But we must work slowly, despair not, take courage, and your father and the Prince Theophilus shall yet be restored."

Sophia was animated with the liveliest gratitude, and assured him that "patience and resignation should leave no room for despair."

* Richard sent Isaac to Tripoli manacled with massive chains of *silver*—thereby evading his promise to Sophia.

Richard having concluded a treaty with Saladin, made preparations to return to England, and considered it necessary for many reasons, that his fair captive should be conveyed to his kingdom in some safe manner without his immediate protection. He had perfect confidence in the integrity of Brezé while under his personal supervision; but his natural distrust would not permit him to confide so precious a charge to his sole care.

The vessel Richard selected to convey the Princess was owned and commanded by an Englishman of the name of Turnham. Brezé was ordered to continue at the head of her guard. The king's excessive jealousy prevented him from paying the respect due to her rank by appointing one or more of his nobles to accompany her.

When Sophia was first acquainted by Richard of his plans, hope whispered, "you may be rescued from his power, shipwreck, or some more fortunate accident may bestow upon you liberty."

"Yes," she said to Brezé, "all-pitying Heaven may look down in mercy upon my misfortunes—may interfere to save the unoffending Sophia from a fate worse than death! Yet, alas! I go far—far distant from Theophilus; here, at least, I breathe in the same climate, the same air. Here—I can sometimes through your invaluable kindness—learn that he is well, is alive! I ask not of Heaven my liberty; without the consequence may be the rescue of my venerable father, and my beloved Theophilus."

Richard, almost in despair at finding that he had made no progress toward obtaining the affections of Sophia, resorted to stratagem; and commanded Brezé to acquaint her that Theophilus was dead. "For," said he, "I believe her love for him is the only obstacle that opposes itself to my desires. Ah! lovely Sophia, how I shall riot in thy grief; beautiful as thou art in every varying expression, the majestic, imposing passion of grief imparts new beauties to thy matchless person."

Brezé executed the king's commands in the most cautious manner. He became violently alarmed at the effect it produced; and prayed Heaven to forgive him, if, through his temporary participation in such refined cruelty, her reason or her life should fall a sacrifice.

Richard soon followed Brezé into her apartment, and fear mingled with his admiration. Her robes were disordered; her beautiful hair had escaped from its fillet of gems, and fell in luxuriant masses to her very feet. She personated the statue of Grief, pale as its marble, her features wore its convulsed, yet stony impression!

The time appointed for Sophia's departure drew near. She had recovered in some degree her health and animation; for Breze had taken an early opportunity to acquaint her with the cruel deception that had been practised, cautioning her at the same time to conceal from the jealous and suspicious Richard the cause of her returning vivacity.

"Allow him to attribute the change in your demeanor to himself, and all will be well. If he has the least cause to doubt my fidelity, your escape will be impossible. My zeal has hitherto proved fruitless; but I hope the time is before me, when I shall be permitted to serve you effectively. I am inspired with a degree of prudence that will not allow me to commit myself; stratagem, and even deceit, I will practice to obtain your release from such unjust imprisonment, and restoration to those you love." Sophia's grateful emotions struggled for utterance.

"Ah! what! good and kind Breze, would have been my fate if the tyrant Richard had appointed any other than yourself to the station you occupy?"

The Princess embarked for England a few days after this conversation. Richard visited the ship in order to assure himself that every thing had been arranged for her comfort, and also to give a few parting instructions to Brezé and Turnham. To each, with strict injunctions of secrecy, he gave a written order, the purport of which will hereafter be disclosed. Richard then bade adieu to Sophia, and retired; animated with the hope that she would meet him in his own dominions with flattering kindness; and satisfied with the precautions he had taken to guard those to whose care he had committed her.

Captain Turnham's apparent age was thirty-eight or forty; his person was tall, and well made; his countenance bold and haughty, wore at the same time a sinister expression, which prevented the beholder from imbibing a prepossession in his favor. His passions and interests were his sole guides. In the attainment of any particular desire, he hesitated not to employ the most dishonorable means. Such was the character of an individual whom Richard believed worthy of the confidence reposed in him. The Princess recoiled from his bold glances and shuddered with prophetic fear! She read in a moment the wide contrasts between this man and the noble Brezé, whose commanding person, and mild, yet speaking countenance, interested every one who beheld him.

Sophia passed the principal portion of her time alone with Leonora (her former governess, and still faithful companion.) Breze with a true delicacy seldom visited her. Turnham, on the contrary, sought every occasion to present himself before her. No conversation was ever held between them, he being ignorant both of the French and Sophia's native tongue. She always beheld him approach with a disgust she could with difficulty conceal, and a fear that tortured her, for she read in his countenance the passion with which she had inspired him. Yes! he had dared to look upon her with the eyes of love! say rather with a passion that bears no resemblance to that pure instinct of young and innocent hearts.

Turnham ventured, one day, after some preliminary remarks, to acknowledge his passion for the beautiful princess. Breze, confounded at his boldness and audacity, still preserved sufficient prudence to enable him to conceal his real sensations and feign apparent satisfaction.

"Do not believe," said Turnham, "that my passion is of recent growth. I saw her in her father's gardens before she was divested of the regal splendor that surrounded her when Isaac reigned in Cyprus. I was one of the individuals seized and imprisoned by him; from the bars of my prison I fed my eyes with her transcendant beauty, and caused the rank that divided us. And when Richard arrived, conquered, and imprisoned then, I rejoiced because she was brought a little nearer to myself. Now, I would dare to snatch her from my royal master! and if you will befriend me nothing will be more easy.

"This vessel is my own; I can sail to any land. I will never return to England. She has been under your care a long period; you can speak her language; she can speak yours; she appears to confide in you, and you appear to pity her—speak! are you my friend? Ha! you turn pale, you are agitated, you love her! *Thus will I obey my orders,*"—saying these words, he drew his poignard, and with furious looks darted toward Brezé.

"Hold!" exclaimed Breze—"hear me—I love not the Princess Sophia—I pity her misfortunes; I would, for her sake, that she were freed from captivity. The peace and happiness of our honored Queen, and the welfare of the State require that Richard should abandon this absorbing passion. I am ready to unite in any feasible project; (provided it receive her approval)—that may restore her to liberty—and place her within the protection of some government hostile to Richard."

"Your discourse is generous—nevertheless, it answers not my question. Will you consent to aid me in obtaining the Princess for my wife? She detests Richard—Theophilus is dead—and her remaining affection for him, is, I flatter myself, the only obstacle to my success. It is a cruel torture to love without the hope of return. Alas! I cannot express to her my passion in words; being ignorant of every language with which she is acquainted. Speak to the Princess for me; tell her I adore her; that I wish to rescue her from slavery; that to make her happiness is all I desire. Say that I will take her to Venice, or to any other country she may prefer; and where she will be safe from the power of Richard. In the mean time, if you consent to befriend me—teach me your language—love will hasten my progress. Speak! answer me favorably, for your life is in my hands!"

"Turnham, are you aware that according to the written command of our Sovereign, your life is already forfeited? Behold this order for your instant death at my hands, the moment you dare to exhibit the slightest predilection for the Princess Sophia! I give it to you, as a pledge of my wish to serve your interests, and through yours, those of Sophia."

"Ah! Richard has failed at least, in one stroke of policy. Shall I surprise you by producing a *fac-simile* of this order in regard to yourself, Breze! *No, the King hoped to protect his Dove, from the grasp of the Hawk!* ha! ha! ha! How his majesty will rave when he finds he is baulked. Breze—your hand—thus be our compact sealed."

Left alone, Breze ruminated upon what had passed, and enquired what of his conscience "if he was justified in practising such deception? Yes—it is to save a lovely and amiable Princess from the horrible fate that threatens her on every side. I know the violence of Turnham's character; I could have dealt with him in no other way. I must now seek the Princess, and instruct her what course to pursue. Alas! what did I avow to Turnham! 'that I loved her not.' Would to Heaven this unhappy destiny were not mine to struggle with. The moment I had spoken, the fancy that darted through my heart, betrayed to me the truth of what I had only before suspected. Adored, and unhappy Princess! never shall love of mine add to thy grief. I will die to serve thee—and only feel too happy if I secure thy gratitude."

He entered the presence of Sophia, wearing, in despite of his struggles to maintain the contrary, a troubled air. She started, and enquired,

"What new grief is in store for me?"

"None, Madame, that may not be turned to your advantage. Arm yourself with courage: betray not by emotion your fears. Precaution, and even dissimulation are necessary in order that you may be extricated from the dangers that threaten you. *Turnham loves you!* He has dared to declare it to me, and to propose a plan whereby he can gain possession of you."

"Ah," returned Sophia, "my fears were just. I read in the traitor's face the wishes of his heart. What has not offended Heaven in store for me? You would be justified should you execute the command of your King. Yes! punish the traitor! and return me into Richard's hands. If I cannot escape slavery: the yoke of a King will be the least odious."

"No! Princess; I can attack an armed enemy, but I could never stoop to become a treacherous assassin. When I received from Richard the bloody order, dictated by his jealousy, I resolved only to use it for your safety—which I conceived could be done without obeying the spirit of its instructions. I have given it to Turnham in order to render him subservient to my will."

"I will be responsible for the success of the enterprise, which I meditate, if you can be prevailed upon to second me."

"My esteem for you, generous Brezé, should be a guarantee of my confidence. For the obligations already conferred; nothing can diminish my gratitude. Happy am I, in my misfortunes, to have found a friend so magnanimous, and sincere. "Yes," she added, at the same time presenting her hand; "I will depend upon *you*; instruct me, and I will obey."

"Noble Princess, I am penetrated by your kindness to one so humble; I live but to save you."

Brezé then repeated at Sophia's request, the substance of Turnham's conversation. "I pretended," said he, "to lend myself to further the designs of this desperado, in order to secure my own safety, and consequently yours; for if you were to be deprived of my protection, what would be your unhappy fate? Dissimulation on your part is imperative. It is not a vice when employed to penetrate; contend with; and overthrow criminal projects; or, when used to protect one's life. Endeavor to appear the same to Turnham; let him not discover in your manner new cause for affliction; manifest not more than usual inquietude."

Brezé passed a sleepless night: he saw the perils he incurred; and the difficulties he had to surmount. On the morrow he sought an interview with Turnham: but concealed from him the fact that Sophia was already acquainted with his passion. Policy dictated this course.

"I feared," said he to Turnham, "the effect a sudden knowledge of your attachment might cause: that perhaps, the affection of Theophilus being still fresh in her memory—you might become to her an object of hatred, and reproach. This, of course, would destroy all our plans. Allow *time* to operate on the heart of the Princess. Endeavor first to gain her gratitude; show pity for her fate; assure her through me, that you are ready to dare every thing, to extricate her from the power of Richard: for this, is the point towards which her eyes are directed. A feeling of satisfaction, a glimmering of hope will then visit her mind—which will weaken her sorrow—and insensibly efface the strength of her affection for Theophilus. You will thus inspire her with gratitude; and *gratitude is the parent of love.* Be ready to obey all her wishes. To whatever country she wishes to proceed, consent to convey her without hesitation. You will soon be enabled through my instruction to speak a few words in French; and then you can express to her the extent of your regard. Let us now visit the Princess, and in your presence, I will mention to her your compassion for her situation, and desire to ameliorate her grief—you will then see in what manner she receives your kindness."

"Come, let us hasten," replied Turnham, "I am all impatience to behold her. I appreciate the wisdom of your counsel; and will follow your instructions."

They appeared before her. Turnham expressed by looks, and gestures his pleasure at seeing her. Brezé said in French "*every thing proceeds as I desire.*" Sophia's countenance lighted up at these words.

"You can reply to me," said Breze, for he (looking towards his companion) cannot understand us; but while you are speaking, look towards him with an air of pleasure. This course is necessary—remember you agreed to follow my instructions. Life, or death! Liberty, or slavery!—is the stake we play for."

Turnham, enchanted at the appearance of smiles on the countenance of Sophia; enquired of Brezé her answer.

"*She says she is sensible of your generosity, and wishes your royal master possessed an equal share.*"

"Ah! what sense, and dignity the Princess displays; protest to her that she is absolute mistress of this vessel, and its commander. Let her name the country she prefers for her asylum, and thither I will conduct her."

Brezé repeated this to Sophia, and advised her to advance and present her hand to Turnham as a token of thanks; and at the same time mention the name of the country she selected.

The Princess executed all with a good grace—"*Allons en France,*" said she; and Turnham delighted with this affability kissed her hand with a deferential air, and said—"Yes to France we will go. Philip is the enemy of Richard; we shall be safe in his dominions. We will sail at once for Cette."

To be Continued.

From the Knickerbocker for October.

The Miser.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

The mouse crept out of the old stone wall
To search for the precious store,
And he wandered silently through the hall,
And gnawed at the bolted door;
And the gray-haired miser turned his head—
He turned his head and swore!

And there he sat with his sunken eyes,
That old man thin and pale,
While the wind in broken symphonies
Through the creaking blinds made wail,
And the raven croaked on the battlement
In the rising autumn-gale.

Over his shoulder a direful look
At the bolted door gave he,
And his knees in his thread-bare breeches shook
Like the limbs of a withered tree,
When the shrill wind shrieks on the mountain-top
In its midnight agony!

Ah! sad and fearful to look upon
Were those glassy eyes of his,
For a soul shone out of them, had done
Much in its day amiss,
And thought was a dark and bitter thing
Unto that man, I wis!

A dark and a bitter thing it was,
For his heart was dry and cold,
And he had been deaf to the widow's cause,
For the sake of his precious gold,
Counting it o'er, year out year in,
In that room so dim and old.

The old man gazed at the bolted door
And muttered to himself,
For he thought of his heaps of shining ore,
And all his ill-got pelf
In the good strong chests that, side by side,
Stood locked on his cellar-shelf.

Then paler and paler waxed his cheek,
For the storm-wind fiercer grew,
And the raven with a dismal shriek
Against the window flew,
And the lightning through the pitch-black night
The glare of a demon threw!

And the gloomy thunder moaned on high,
As the huge clouds, dark with rain,
Like an army of ragged fiends swept by
From the wind-tossed ocean-main;
Slowly and solemn, and black as death,
Mid the roar of the hurricane.

Long years passed over that lonely house,
But the foot of man no more
Was heard by the small gray garret-mouse,
That gnawed in the shattered floor,
Till a wild grim-visaged outlaw came
And unbolted that oaken door.

But he rushed from that room with cheeks as white
As the cheeks of dead men are;
Ah me!—such a sad and woful sight
That strong-nerved man saw there!
'T would have curdled the blood in his flinty heart
Had it been like the heart of a bear.

For his arms had clasped a skeleton cold,
That sat in the solemn gloom
Beside a coffer of precious gold,
In that dark and lonely room;
And this was all that was ever known
Of the gray-haired miser's doom!

Ladies Department.

The Early Called.

O, she was too beautiful to die. Is there any thing that darts through the world so swiftly as a sunbeam!
—*Landor's Pericles and Aspasia.*

I have seen a lovely flower open its petals in the dewy morning, and as it shed its sweet smiles upon its companions and filled the balmy air with fragrance, an invisible something caused it to droop from the parent stem, and in a little while it lay on the damp earth—faded and soiled. And precisely such, was the fate of that young creature, whose memory I now commemorate.

Only three short summers did her Maker permit her to live in this wilderness world. She was the pride of her father, the joy of her mother, and the dear, dear playmate of three sisters, her superiors in age, but not less gifted in personal and intellectual accomplishments. Often have I seen those four delicate children, on a Sabbath afternoon, kneeling around their father's chair, and heard them recite their catechism and prayers, with folded hands, and upraised eyes, and I have thought that at such an hour, the angels of heaven have paused in their hosannas, as if jealous of that bright possession of the earth. How often, too, while passing their happy house, have I heard a merry peal of laughter, and in the fullness of my heart, thanked the great Creator for these human flowers. A few weeks ago, they sported under the shadow of the elm before their cottage door—crowned with new buds, and making melody in their hearts, even as the little birds around them. But alas! the scene is changed. Instead of the joyous smile and ringing laugh, three of those children are now clothed in the weeds of mourning, and a plaintive dirge is the only music in their house. The youngest one of them has gone to Heaven. Her sister spirits in Heaven, bowed before the throne of God, and craved permission to call her hence, and therefore it is that she has left the earth.

I have just returned from the funeral. Most of the attendants had reached the house of mourning when I arrived. The father and mother and sisters of the deceased, were seated near the head of the coffin, all of them sobbing as if their very hearts would break; and need I say that many an eye beside, was moistened by the sorrowful and sympathetic tear? The coffin lid was raised, and one after another,—the friends approached and took a farewell gaze of the unconscious dead. I could hardly realize that the innocent being whom I had so often caressed and kissed and sported with, was thus insensible to the genial atmosphere which surrounded her. There was no change in her features, save that her eyes were closed, and the paleness of marble was on her cheeks and lips. The same smile, the same dimple, the same curling hair were there, that had been here's in the vigor of life. A delicate white lilly, and a rose-geranium leaf were resting upon her bosom—fit emblems of her purity and loveliness. As I resumed my seat, this exclamation escaped the lips of the bereaved father—"O how little space do we require after we are dead!" and the minister replied, "Ah! yes! and the rich and far-famed require no more than the poor and the obscure." These words found a resting-place in my memory, and I pondered them in my heart. And now when all was still, the silver-haired minister knelt in the midst of that mourning company, and offered up to God a long, earnest and appropriate prayer. It was a strange scene—that aged man kneeling beside the coffin of that little child. After this, the following words were sung, and the procession moved slowly to the burying ground.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But oh! a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own. *Mrs. Hemans.*

The body of the young, the beautiful and good, was laid in the damp cold tomb, but her immortal part had gone to that kingdom where sorrow and sighing are never known.

I was the last to leave the new made grave, and I lingered long after the church yard gate was closed, by the old sexton. My thoughts were about death, and with the dead. The sun was near his setting, and as I looked upon the clouds brightening and fading, coming and going, I thought of the glories of heaven, and longed to be free from the bondage of sin and the grave. In a remote corner of the burying ground, I discovered a wild rose bush covered with blossoms. With careful hands I transplanted it to the grave of the early called, and retired. In about five minutes, while standing upon an elevation, a sweet song fell upon my ear, and looking back, I beheld an evening bird perched upon the rose bush, singing *his* plaintive dirge, and swinging to and fro.—*Lossmon's Essays.*

The Stars.

How often have I gazed upon them and said, "What are they?" In childhood I thought them glittering gems, like the bright things of earth, and was delighted to see them sparkling in the heavens; and even since, how oft have I looked upon them with feelings of deep but undefined curiosity!

Though philosophy sublimely reasoned that they are worlds, and form a part of the material creation, yet, in the poetry of my feelings, I have imagined they were the wandering spirits of an ethereal world—the bright inhabitants of a region more glorious than our own. I have queried if they were not the arbiters of our fate—the good or evil genii that presided at our nativity, and that still watch over and control the events of our life.

The hoary astronomer of olden time, in his midnight reveries, felt the mysterious influence of these living fires, and yielded his soul to the belief of their magic power. In the darkness of a mind, into which the pure light of Christianity had not shined, he would fain have defied the hosts of heaven, and called them gods which were no gods; and the poet in all time, even he who sings in the blessed light of the Gospel day, has first caught the divine inspiration of the muses, and felt the fires of fancy glow and burn within him, while contemplating the varying beauty of the stars. The ancients, in the depth of their poetical imagination, listened to the music of the spheres; and the ear of the pious modern, whose imagination is not less vivid in conception, with more truth and reason, nightly hears the chorus of the stellar lights in harmonious measure repeating—

"The Hand that made us is divine."

Myriads of years have rolled away since first that star beamed forth in its brightness. The "orb now o'er me quivering," was one of the radiant band that hymned the birth of this fair creation. Adam, happy in paradise, saw it set, a bright gem in the coronet of the skies. Noah, from the world of waters, looked out upon it, and was gladdened by its peaceful ray. From the plains of Bethlehem the shepherds descried it, when summoned from their midnight watch, they hastened to behold and adore the infant Saviour.

Forgiveness.

How beautifully falls
From Human lips that blessed word—forgive
Forgiveness—it is the attribute of gods—
The sound which openeth heaven—renews again
On Earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings
Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life
Thrice happy he whose heart has been so schooled
In the meek lessons of humility,
That he can give it utterance; it imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
And maketh man an angel.

Poetry.

Poetry, in its true sense, is not a thing to be printed on paper or bound in books. Its seat is not in cramped manuscripts or gilded volumes, but in the deep heart of man. The most glowing numbers, which the poet may use to convey to others a sense of what he feels, will not find a response in every breast. Words that burn will not always kindle thoughts that breathe. The deaf serpent will not regard the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. The dim eye may be turned toward a scene instinct with beauty, yet there is the same dull blank as everywhere. So, poetry is a sealed book to that reader who feels no sympathy with the writer. The *string* when touched may make the sweetest music, but can waken a responsive note in none but those that chord with it. Let a man approach any production with a mind bristling with prejudices on all sides, and he will surely be blind to its merits. Let him even be indifferent, but unable to appreciate the views of the author or partake of his feelings, and there is little likelihood that he will do him justice. Where, however, a sympathy exists, the case is far different, and every line comes home to the reader with power. The rude peasant will feel his breast expand and his pulse quicken at the sound of the most artless ballad of his native land, when all the splendor of Byron and the organ-tones of Milton would fall powerless on his ear.

Modes of Coining.

Formerly, in England, there was a mint in nearly every county in the realm. As the principles of government became better understood, the privilege of coining money was tacitly conceded, and wisely too in a monarchy, to be a royal prerogative. It should always be the exclusive right of the supreme authority of the land to regulate this essential, life-giving stimulus of national industry and individual enterprise, or it would be so debased, without the incessant vigilance of the law, that it would become utterly valueless.

From all we can discover in the history of the past, the multiplication of money has invariably belonged exclusively to the state. Till within a comparatively short period of two hundred and eighty years, the process of coining was extremely rude and unsatisfactory—being nothing more than placing a flat piece of gold or silver between two dies, engraven with letters or devices, and striking the upper one with a hammer sufficiently forcibly to make an impression in relief. This was rightly enough called *hammered money*, being in harmony with the spirit and letter of contracts in those days, which expressly provided for payment in *hammered money*; and meaning much the same as *current money*, with us. So far as the beauty of the pieces was concerned, it was invariably imperfect, arising from the difficulty of placing the dies exactly over each other, and striking a uniform blow. In a large portion of the old Spanish dollars, and particularly on the margins of the pistareens, there is the appearance of inequality in width as well as thickness—resulting from a sliding, as it were, of the dies.

The French are wholly entitled to the credit of having invented the coining press, first used in the palace of Henry II. between 1550 and 1553.

Henry III., however, re-established the hammer dies, on account of the cheapness of manufacturing with the old tools. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the press was introduced into England, but in about two years abandoned on the same account as in France. In 1645, Louis XIV again patronised the new money-mill, and in 1623 it was again revived in England, although alternately used with the hammer and dies till 1662, when its utility was completely established over the old and antique process.

Coining is now performed in the tower of London, as at Philadelphia, Charleston, and New Orleans, by steam power. Eight presses, attended by as many small boys, will coin 19,000 pieces of any denomination of money in one hour; and the machine in the meantime registers itself the exact number, so that it is literally impossible for a workman to deceive the overseer.

A Genuine Woman Hater.—"Pray sir, will you never marry?" said a fair girl to a brown old bachelor. "Ahem! why—I don't know—yes, madam—I might get married, perhaps, if it were possible to get married to any thing but a *woman*."

Farmers Department.

The Orchard.

Fruit.—As the time is coming on apace when orchards should be planted out, we conceive it to be our duty to remind our agricultural readers, that if they design putting out an orchard of *Apple* trees this fall, the sooner they plough the ground allotted to it the better; nor need we tell them that all ground designed for such purpose, should be ploughed as deep as a strong team can penetrate the earth. Indeed, were we about to prepare a field for the purpose, we would not be content without the use of a substratum plough, as we believe that the deeper the earth be moved, the greater certainty there will be of the trees living and growing vigorously, as it is all-important that the lateral or smaller roots should be enabled to expand themselves with as little impediment as possible. Nor would we dream of planting out an orchard without thoroughly manuring the land with some good alimentary manure, besides giving to it a liberal dose of lime. In the distribution of the latter, we should take special care to spread an extra allowance around the trunk of each of the trees, for at least a circle of two feet.

The hole.—In digging the *hole* to receive the tree, we should be careful to have it *sufficiently wide* to enable us to insert it without bending any of its fibrous or lateral roots, deeming it essential to preserve them entire, and to give them a situation without restraint.

The position of the Tree.—The tree itself should have by all means, an upright position, and be protected by a stake from the shaking of the winds.

Depth of the hole.—As to the depth of the hole, that should be at least a foot deeper than it is contemplated that the end of the *tap-root* of the tree should rest. This space should be filled up with a rich compost composed of thoroughly rotted manure, and mould from the woods, and a small proportion of spent ashes, or lime, say one-twentieth of the entire mass. Around the lateral roots, so as to cover them, the same compost should be placed; as the latter is put in, let a bucket or two of water be thrown in, so that the earth may be well settled around the roots. This done, let the earth dug out of the hole be thrown in, first making it fine with the spade, ramming it gently down, from time to time, until the vacuum is entirely filled. This done, with the remainder of the earth, form around the tree, a shallow basin, to act as a recipient for the water whenever it may rain. The objects to be gained by making the hole deeper than the tree is to be inserted is two-fold—first, it affords an opportunity for the tap-root to penetrate the soil without difficulty—and secondly, if the season should be one of wetness, it will act as a drain to carry off the superabundance of water which might otherwise remain to the injury of the young roots.

Depth of planting.—As to the depth which the tree is to be planted, we have only to remark, that it should be the same as that at which it grew before its removal from the nursery. In a few days after the trees are planted, they should be carefully examined, and wherever it is found that the earth is not compactly fixed around the tree, a spade or two more should be placed about the stem and rammed in; and if the weather should be mild, open and dry, a small quantity of water should be thrown on it to assist in settling down the earth.

Subsequent treatment of the Orchard.—The paractice of sowing small grain and grass, in orchards, is one that should be reformed altogether, for either serves to impede the growth of trees, impair their healthfulness, and to act as harbors for those insects which prey upon their vitality. *Corn* and *roots* may be grown therein with evident advantage, and whenever orchards are left without crops, they should be ploughed occasionally, in order that the vegetation which they may bear, shall be returned to the earth as pabulum to nourish the trees, and that the soil may be placed in a condition to drink in the refreshing dews as they descend from heaven.

Reasonableness of our plan.—It may be objected to our plan that it imposes trouble and labor. True it does; but as any thing which is worthy of being done at all should be well done, and as in setting out an orchard we are doing a labor which is to last for half a century, no pains should be spared to do it in the best possible way. But when it is considered that all the additional labor of our plan over the ordinary one, will not amount to more than a week's labor of two hands, it is scarcely worth being taken into the account against a matter of such lasting importance as that which we are treating upon.

The selection of the Trees is a thing of great moment. Every care should be taken to procure none but the *best* varieties, and to have them to ripen at different periods. To ensure this result, the person, or nursery, from whom or at which the trees may be purchased, should be of such reputation as to forbid the suspicion of being imposed upon.

The exposure of the Orchard is important; and we incline to the belief, that a north-west exposure is best, as it prevents the too early budding of the trees in the spring.

The soil best adapted to the growth of the apple, is a deep moist soil, (not wet,) and it matters but little, whether it be on a hill, on a hill side, or on a plain, or whether the location be rocky or not. We should in the selection avoid clays of a tough tenacious character, as besides being difficult of culture, such soils are apt to retain too much wet.

The distance of the Trees apart comes next, and we are of opinion that forty feet is about the right distance.

Fruit.—Having disposed of the subject of the Apple orchard, we would turn the attention of our reader to the consideration of providing other fruits for the convenience and comfort of his family, if he has not done so already—as *Peaches, Cherries, Pears, Quinces, Plums, Damsons, Apricots,* &c. A few of each of these planted in the lanes, around the house, and in the garden, will answer for all the purposes of the family, as well as to treat a neighbor, or friend, when either may visit you. Besides the accumulation of worldly gear, we hold it, that the cultivation of the social relations of life, should enter largely into the calculations of all of us. No head of a family, in the country, should consider the appointments of his farm complete until he shall have provided himself with a sufficient number of trees of each of these fruits, to furnish a supply to his family during their respective seasons, as well as for the purposes of ordinary consumption as for those of preserving and drying. Give a notable housewife the necessary kinds of fruits for such purposes, and the table of her husband, at but small expense, will at all times be well supplied with those delicacies, which while they impart variety and adorn his board, gratify alike the appetite of his children, and that natural and commendable *pride*, which every mother of a *family* should be indulged in. We are far from being the advocate of extravagance; nor would we sacrifice the necessaries and substantial comforts of life, in the pursuit of the elegancies and luxuries, but we do maintain that where the latter, to a certain extent, can be conveniently obtained, that we are each and all bound by every ennobling consideration of duty, to provide them, as the happiness of one's family should be among the most cherished aspirations of every man's heart.—*A. Farmer.*

The Greek Classics.

In regard to the extraordinary merits of Homer and the other great classics, I know not whether it be greater madness to deny them or folly to attempt to *prove* them. To reason upon the beauties of the ancients with those who know little or nothing of them would be like arguing with men upon an unknown subject in an unknown language. To uphold them to stubborn utilitarians, who discard all relics of the past as so much useless lumber, were an idle and thankless task. And to demonstrate them to those who are familiar with them would be to convince them of what they already feel in their inmost hearts. But to the sincere young student, not yet inoculated with the vanity of imaginary wisdom, but whose natural repulsion to laborious studies is fortified by the reckless denunciations of antiquity, so prevalent of late, a brief argument may be addressed; an argument, which, appealing to his deference for age and experience, may fix his wavering purpose and cheer his faltering steps. The claims of those ever-venerated worthies have long been perfectly and irrevocably settled, by the best species of evidence the matter will admit, the coincident testimony of all who have read them enough to judge of them. If you reject this criterion of merit, you are out at open sea, with neither chart nor compass. You have never seen them decried in an author of tried solidity and established fame. They are never denounced by old and prudent dignitaries, whether in Church or State. The few who raise their voices against them are either shallow sciolists, depreciating what they understand not, or bold innovators, theorizing for the sake of theory, and uttering absurdities as their only chance of being original. Grimke is the only able writer of this country who has opposed the cultivation of classic knowledge; and he presented the singular spectacle of an eminent man striving to dry up the fountain whence he derived his eminence. Could he have "seen himself as others saw him," he would have perceived that his arguments were specious only from their classical splendor of embellishment, and his eloquence captivating only because he had studied with a diligence seldom equalled the bright pages whose brightness he denied. It is utterly impossible to suppose that all the great minds which have been so sweetly enthralled by these productions; minds too of the most various endowments, and far remote from all suspicion of prejudiced partiality; can have been mistaken in their enthusiasm. They were not the men to shout "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" to an imaginary goddess. The most eminent characters of modern times, while mingling in the affairs of court and camp, and when thoroughly conversant and often largely participant in the literature of their day, have stolen many a delicious hour from care and toil, and jealousy and strife, and renewed their vows in the serious devotion of age at the shrine of their youthful idolatry. After making all due allowance for the influence of association and the force of early habit, there still must remain something marvellously great and fine in these remnants of antique art, to have held these powerful and polished intellects in such charming bondage.